

# Mistress mine, well may you fare

Thomas Morley

**Vocal**

8 Mis - tress mine, well may you fare; Kind be your thoughts and  
This fair morn - ing, sun - ny bright, That gives life to  
In these woods are none but birds; They can speak but  
Ne - ver strive, nor make no noise; 'Tis for fool - ish

**Lute**

4  
8 void of care. Sweet Saint Ve - nus be your speed,  
love's de - light. Ev - 'ry heart with heat en - flames,  
si - lent words; They are pret - ty harm - less things;  
girls and boys. Ev - 'ry child - ish thing can say;

7  
8 That you may in love pro - ceed. Coll me and clip and kiss me too;  
And our cold af - fec - tion blames.  
They will shade us with their wings.  
Go to! How now? Pray, a - way!

11  
8 So so so so so so true love should do. Coll me and clip and kiss me too;

16  
8 So so so so so so true love should do.